Danse Macabre

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10734945.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Dancing, Will Graham is a Tease, Hannibal Loves Will, Will Loves Hannibal, Implied Sexual Content, Kissing, Rough Kissing, Kissing in the Rain, Accidental Voyeurism, Kinda, Making Out, Pomegranates, references to Greek mythology, Spoiled Will Graham, who pretends to hate it, Idiots in Love, Non-Graphic Violence, Threats of Violence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 15 of Fluffy Murder Husbands
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-26 Words: 3,222 Chapters: 1/1

Danse Macabre

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Hannibal tries to buy Will fancy things, Will shows him that even pretentious Hannibal Lecter is undone by the simplest gestures.

Or, pomegranate-stained silk threads caught in diamond settings.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

TattleCrime, September 22.

Where Are They Now? Checking In With the Murder Husbands (copyright pending) by Freddie Lounds

Although the FBI claim that Will Graham did not survive the cliff fall after his "heroic" defeat of the Tooth Fairy/Red Dragon, they have never recovered a body of neither Graham or Hannibal Lecter. What else is unclear? Why?

Why did Graham go over the literal and metaphorical edge of a cliff with the man who put him through hell? Who lured him into dark, shadowy places and left him suspended between the dark and light?

And where are they now, dear readers?

Did they both take that great leap into the dark together willingly, or did one party force the other? Did they die as soon as they hit the water, shock cruising through their veins? Did they drown and sink all the way to the bottom, never to be found again as the sharks pick apart the flesh from their bones? Fitting end, I would think.

Or, perhaps, they survived the initial fall. But where would they go? If we look at Hannibal Lecter's previous track record, it easy to assume that Graham, at least, is dead. Lecter would have drawn it out, made him suffer. After all, this is the man that put him in prison, brought him to his knees. Wonder which part he ate first?

Will's head collapses against the pillow, and his breathing is shallow as he tried to remember words, some words, *any* words besides, *"Hannibal."*

The man in question let out a lazy, purring growl against Will's hipbone, sounding far too pleased with himself. Will really should slap him for it, but now he's kissing along the scar across his stomach, and Will can't - remember what he was annoyed about.

"That was really nice," he murmurs, eyes rolling back when Hannibal chuckles, and he can feel his teeth *right there.* If he wished, he could tear the wound open again, but he doesn't.

"'Nice' is not a word I am often associated with," Hannibal says in reply, propping his head up.

Will laughs, and the sight before Hannibal is glorious to behold. Inches and inches of lightly tanned porcelain skin dotted in scars, beautiful chestnut curls mussed with sweat, lips kiss-swollen and a slight blush on his cheeks. He looks like a debauched angel.

“If your pillow talk is so eloquent, maybe you weren’t enjoying yourself enough,” Will teases, stretching his neck out. He is utterly flawless, and Hannibal cannot resist pulling himself up and positioning himself so that his lips hover above Will’s.

“Perhaps we should remedy that,” he murmurs, and Will’s eyes are dilated and glassy but he finds it in himself to smirk.

“Again?”

“You don’t seem to be against the idea.”

“I’m not getting out of bed tomorrow unless you carry me, then.”

“I cannot think of a finer punishment.”

“Oh, shut up and kiss me already.”

Will examines the white box tied with a crimson ribbon that was placed on his pillow and suddenly feels like panicking. It wasn’t an anniversary or something, was it? He quickly checked the list of seemingly random anniversaries in the bedside calendar *(first meeting, the night we don’t talk about and that’s why it’s marked, reunion in Florence, second reunion in prison, cliff dive, first time you said ‘I love you’, makeshift wedding against the bedroom door, actual wedding day)* but it wasn’t any of those days. Will carefully untied the ribbon and lifted the lid off of the box, smiling as he lifted a sleek obsidian knife with sapphires studded in the handle. It was beautiful. But then something else dawned on him.

“I like that knife,” Will states casually as he gestures over to said object inside of its case at the flea market.

“The craftsmanship is exquisite,” Hannibal agreed, running his fingers over the glass before pointing at a watch. “What do you think of it? You were mentioning that you needed a new watch after you broke your other one.”

“It’s nice,” Will nodded. “It’s the best one in the case.”

“Would you like it?”

“Well, how much-”

“We will take that one,” Hannibal states to the man behind the counter, and Will almost falls over when he hears the price.

“Hannibal,” he hisses under his breath, gripping his hand to get his attention. “You are not buying me an eleven thousand dollar watch.”

“I am.”

“Are you out of your mind?”

Hannibal just smiled that perfectly innocent smile that Will cannot stand, as it can only mean that he is up to no good. “Perhaps. Please try not to break this one.”

Will headed down the stairs, knife in hand, and sneaks up behind Hannibal before pressing the knife against the back of his neck.

“You may wish to sharpen that knife before use,” Hannibal states calmly, not at all fazed as he pours out two cups of coffee.

“I turned around for five minutes and you buy this?”

“You liked it, as I recall.”

“How much was this knife?” Will asks, pressing a little harder. Hannibal only smiles again.

“Five hundred dollars.”

That does it, Will drop that knife onto the counter and turns Hannibal around to look him in the eyes. “Why the hell did you buy it?”

“Again, you liked it. I think it will compliment your collection now.”

Will scoffs, accepting the coffee even as his expression shifts to one of amusement. “If you keep this up, I’m going to get a reputation as your trophy wife.”

Hannibal raises an eyebrow over his mug and Will puts up one finger as if to shush words he has not even spoken. “Do not start getting ideas, I’m changing the subject now, have you fed Cephy?”

“Is she not your dog?”

“She is *our* dog, Hannibal, how rude.”

“Yes, I fed her.” Seemingly hearing her name being discussed, said dog came racing into the room, pawing at her owner’s legs. “Ah, there’s the little hellhound.”

“Again, rude,” Will remarks, setting down his coffee so he can scoop up the excited ball of fur into his arms. “And to think, I was going to let you touch me right now. How *disappointing* for you, we’re going for a walk instead, aren’t we?” He addresses the last part of his sentence to Cephy, who licks his face in agreement. He laughs and pats the top of her head before setting her down, telling her to fetch her leash, he’ll go get his shoes. But just before he leaves the kitchen, he turns back around and gives Hannibal a sly smile.

“Fascinating.”

“What is?” Hannibal asks.

“That you’ll spend everything you have on me to conceivably make me happy, but all I need are a few dollars to make you swoon.”

“That is indeed fascinating, but I do not swoon.”

“You will,” Will smirks, hooking the leash to Cephy's collar before offering a wink. “You will.”

Those words swirl around Hannibal’s mind for an entire week, driving him to the brink of his questionable sanity. He does not swoon, and his tastes run to the finest. He cannot for the life of him understand what Will could possibly mean.

Until a week later, when Will comes down the stairs dressed in one of Hannibal’s personal favorite suits of his, sapphire cufflinks he received on the ‘first meeting’ anniversary *(‘They match that spark in your eyes from that day.’ ‘...Wow, these are - and I bought you a stupid vase.’ ‘I will treasure it always.’),* and his new watch on his left wrist, right hand behind his back, and he is wearing a million-dollar smile.

“What do you think?” he asks with a laugh, and Hannibal has to remind himself that as much as he would enjoy dragging him back upstairs, they were attending a party that evening. They had to go. Will’s smile stays on as he removes his right hand from behind his back and reveals one perfect red cypress flower in his palm. It is then Hannibal notices a lily with crimson streaks pinned to Will’s lapel.

“I thought about a narcissus,” Will remarks, obviously pleased with himself as he pins the other flower to Hannibal’s lapel, “But that was a little too on the nose, even for you. And besides, they aren't sacred to Hades.”

That was unexpected. Hannibal’s curiosity spikes, “Cypress are sacred to Hades, correct. And lilies are the flowers of Persephone. I sense a theme.”

“Well, *Professor Kore,”* Will smirks, placing a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder and moving in closer. “It is the fall equinox today.”

You do not swoon, Hannibal reminds himself as Will plants a feather-light kiss to his lips before pulling away. “Shall we?” he asks out loud, taking Will’s hand in his and running his finger over the wedding ring.

“After you,” Will nods, and off they went.

The party is in a large ballroom, the local opera board hiring a lovely orchestra playing live music. But even their soft melodies don’t compare to the sound of Will placing just the right

amount of Louisiana accent to his words, effortlessly blending in with the crowd with a glass of wine in hand. He gets into a conversation about fishing and about how his *husband* gets snippy when he leaves his shoes by the door instead of taking a few more steps to the mudroom. He's *adorable* when he pouts, apparently.

Hannibal intends to be 'snippy' about this later, but forget when Will comes up behind him, placing his empty glass on the waiter's tray beside him. "Hey."

"Hello, Will. Are you enjoying yourself?"

Will doesn't answer this question, just grins before placing a hand on his arm. "Do you want to dance?"

If Hannibal were a lesser man, his jaw would have dropped. It is tested, however, when Hannibal manages to reply, "But you don't know how to dance, Will."

Will raises an eyebrow and opens his mouth in mock amazement. "Just because you've never asked doesn't mean I don't know how. And I know you've wanted to ask."

Hannibal should not be amazed that Will can still surprise him. "How did you know?" he asks around a barely-concealed swallow. Will slides his hand down his arm until he's holding his hand, squeezing it gently.

"Perfect empathy, you know," he says under his breath as he pulls him towards the dance floor. "I saw it reflected in your eyes whenever there was a waltz playing."

"Am I leading or are you?" Hannibal smiles, feeling lighter than usual. Will laughs as they get into position for a waltz.

"I've been trying to figure that out for years."

The orchestra plays the first few notes, and Will looks into his eyes, and the world fades away around them.

Oh.

Oh.

Will *can* dance. And he can dance *well.*

It's so...*easy,* this dance. Usually one has to adjust to the skill and the technique of one's partner, their missteps and their flaws, resulting in a less-than-perfect performance.

But *this* is like gliding on air, moving in tandem. Divine perfection. It is unclear to Hannibal if he is leading, or if Will is leading, but in fact, they effortlessly switch their roles, willing to follow and lead all at once. Hannibal could not discern a pattern in their movements and changes, but somehow always knew when to shift into the other role, and Will never broke his stride. They were circling the dance floor, going around and around in time to the waltz that only barely registers above the roaring of blood in Hannibal's ears.

“Surprised?” Will asks as Hannibal twirls him away before bringing him back just as quickly as he let him go. Hannibal does not answer. He doesn't trust himself to speak, not quite yet. He waits until the song comes to an end, and he digs his nails into the small of Will’s back before suddenly and without warning, dipping him as the song ends on a crescendo. To his credit, Will does not look surprised, but entranced with just a touch of tease in his smile as he grips Hannibal’s shoulder for support. People around them clap, and Hannibal pulls Will back into a standing position, and says lowly in his ear so that no one else can hear,

“We are leaving.”

Will does not argue.

Hannibal escorts him to the coat check and waits with no patience whatsoever for the items, and they both put on the coats before Hannibal takes Will’s hand and pulls him towards the side entrance as opposed to the main one. Will is about to ask him what he thinks he’s doing, dragging them into the alley beside the building when it is pouring, when Hannibal abruptly shoves him hard against the wall, and Will smiles as he looks into Hannibal’s dark eyes, just barely making out the swirl of the black coat around his ankles in the wind.

“Where did you learn that?” he asks, and god*damn,* he shouldn't use that voice in public. Will smirks as Hannibal finally comes close enough to pin his hands to the cold, wet bricks.

“Would you believe my high school PE class?”

“Perhaps. I am not sure if I should send a thank you card to your previous partner or hunt them down.”

“Considering they stepped on my foot, you don’t have to worry,” Will fires back, letting out a high, delirious-sounding laugh as Hannibal’s nails dig into his wrists. “Why are we leaving, I’d have accepted another dance.”

Hannibal’s answer is surprisingly blunt for once. “You are mine.”

And then he kisses him, all teeth and tongue and brutality, and Will moans at the sensation of restraint and release all at once, all while rain soaks them both to the bone. Eventually Hannibal seems to concede to the idea of letting go of his wrists, and Will wraps his arms around his neck, clawing at his back as Hannibal’s grip on his hipbone and lower back are surely going to leave bruises.

In the long, *long* list of conceivable scenarios Hannibal had pictured participating in with Will, somehow ‘kissing and grinding against each other like teenagers against an alley wall during a downpour’ did not make the list. A shame, truly. That list will have to be rewritten. Later, however, as Will makes that whimpering sound again.

It’s absolutely perfect until a waiter goes outside to take out the trash.

He throws the trash bag into a dumpster and turns to head back inside when Hannibal catches his attention. It’s not recognition in his expression, thank god, just mere shock as he stands there frozen. Hannibal is aware that his own expression must be bordering on feral at the

moment, and it doesn't help that the longer the man stands there, the quicker his death approaches.

Hannibal entertains several plots in his mind a matter of seconds: he could spring forward and snap his neck before Will slumps to the ground, he could take the knife he always keeps hidden and remove an internal organ for tomorrow's dinner, he could do both and take his eyes for daring to stare at what was his. He is currently thinking about how pleasant it would be to snap each individual rib one by one with his bare hands when Will makes a soft noise and noses against his jaw, attempting to be soothing while trying to calm himself down. Hannibal is suddenly aware that his mouth is curled into a snarl, and he almost snaps his teeth like an animal when the waiter quickly darts back inside. *Good.*

Will laughs, sounding dazed. “I would have let you kill him.”

Hannibal just barely holds back a groan, pulling him closer, away from the wall, noticing far too late they are drenched beyond repair. He takes Will’s hand once more, managing a smile.

“Then we should go home before I lose what little self-control I have now.”

Will nods, looking overwhelmed in the best possible sense, too overwhelmed to make a smart remark. Neither of them end up caring about getting water on the car seats.

After they get home and peel off their wet clothes and dry off, Hannibal slides on a pair of pajama pants while Will finishes in the bathroom and heads downstairs to the kitchen, removing a bowl from the fridge and going back upstairs.

He finds Will lying in just his boxers in the silk sheets on the bed, sprawled out as though he completely owns this space and Hannibal is merely a guest, which would not be far off. He offers Hannibal a lazy smile.

“What’s that?” he gestures, and Hannibal smiled, setting down the bowl on the bedside table before sitting beside Will. He removes one half of a pomegranate and Will tilts his head back against the pillows and laughs.

“So we both had similar ideas this evening, I see.”

“On the contrary,” Hannibal responds, removing one seed and placing it on Will’s tongue. He swallows and opens his mouth again for another piece. “I was attempting to cater to your ‘simpler’ tastes. This pomegranate was only five dollars.”

“Funny,” Will said around his third seed. “I only paid seven dollars for the flowers.”

“For once, it would appear you spent more than me,” Hannibal remarks, feeding Will another seed. Will gives him a half-hearted glare as he accepts the one after that.

“You’re insufferable,” he mutters, but opens his mouth for the sixth seed. Hannibal watches as he swallows it.

“Do you know Persephone’s role in the Underworld?”

“Other than the wife of Hades, decked out cold jewels?” Will teases, relaxing even more into the sheets. Hannibal smiles, and reaches out to wipe a fleck of juice from the corner of his lips.

“Persephone is the keeper of the Furies, goddess of curses, persecutor of those who have committed impiety, murder, and betrayal. A reckoning, if you will.” Will laughs then, and Hannibal picks up his hand to kiss his ring. “Hades is merely the purveyor of death, the overlord. It is Persephone who accepts her dark desires and indulges in them. I have always been convinced that she knew what she was doing when she ate the six seeds.”

“How so?”

“Exactly six seeds, so that her time is evenly spent above and below, constantly between her two worlds so she reaps the benefits of both. Manipulative, cruel girl, her beauty is deceiving of her true nature.”

“Remind you of someone?”

“In fact, she does,” Hannibal smiles, and Will smiles back before sitting up.

“There’s a difference between me and Persephone, you know.”

“And what is that, Will?”

In answer, Will lifts his hand and carefully picks out exactly six more seeds from the pomegranate, and eats them slowly, one by one, while Hannibal watches, entranced by the man before him. Will’s smile when he finishes drips with dark red juice.

“I’m stuck with you all twelve months of the year, now.”

Hannibal sets the pomegranate rind back into the bowl as presses Will back against the mattress, kissing and licking at the juice smeared across his lips.

“My beautiful Persephone,” he sighs as he pulls at Will’s hair to hear that sound again. “You gave up serving in Heaven to rule by my side in Hell.”

End Notes

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